

CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1981

Rs. 1.50

Turned page 55
for the legend of the
JUDSON VALLEY



Apsara and Nataraj Pencils

In such colourful designs,
it's like writing with a rainbow



Bright, beautiful designs
that come in all the colours
of a rainbow.

Each pencil gives you
smoother, darker writing.
And because of bonded lead
it won't break while
sharpening. So you get
pointy points.

Apsara and NATARAJ
Pencils with a longer life-line

Hindustan Pencils Private Ltd., 520 Himalaya House, 79 Palton Road, Bombay 400 005



9854714

**A YEARFULL OF
READING DELIGHT FROM
WALT DISNEY
IN**



**A New Concept
English Fortnightly.**

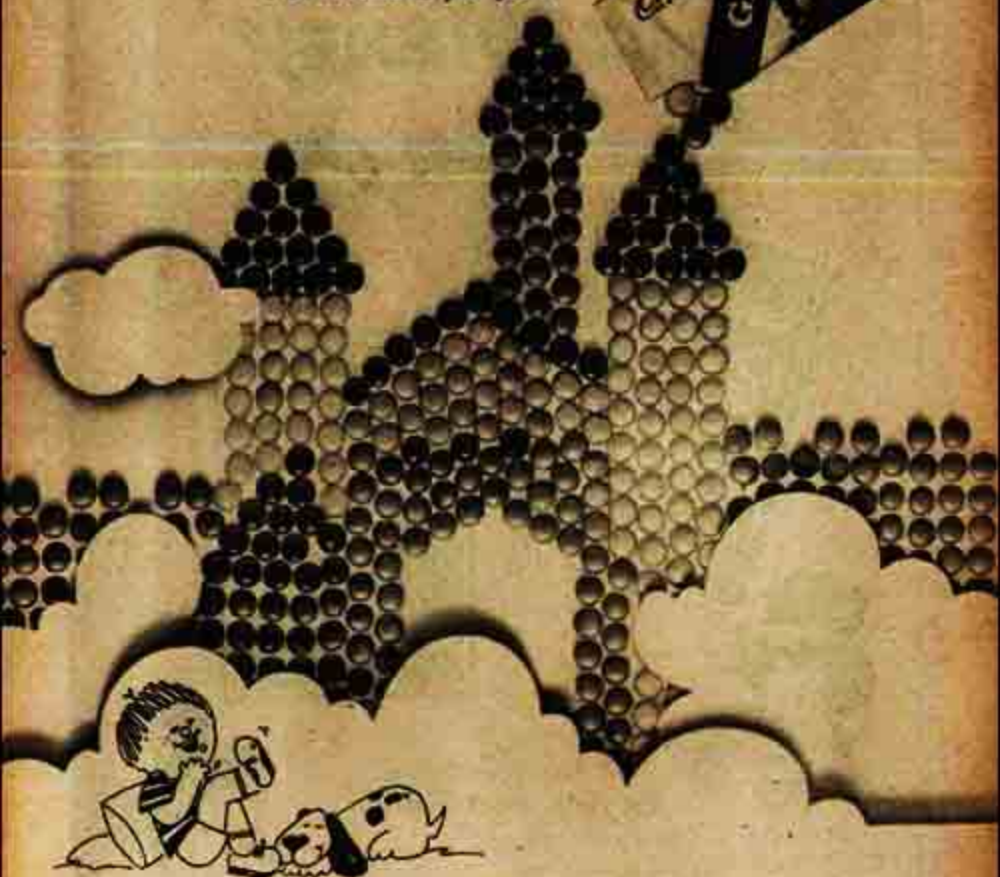


Soon in Indian Languages, too

Watch for the next issue



Build a big castle
Up in the blue
Fill it with Gems
For me and for you.



Got a moment? Get a Gem!

Cadbury's
Chocolates

Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems!



CHANDAMAMA camel

COLOUR CONTEST

No Entrance Fee

WIN PRIZES
 CAMEL—1ST PRIZE Rs. 15
 CAMEL—2ND PRIZE Rs. 10
 CAMEL—3RD PRIZE Rs. 5
 CAMEL—5 CONSOLATION PRIZES
 CAMEL—10 CERTIFICATES

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entries at the following address.

P.B. No. 9928, COLABA, Bombay-400 005.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name... Age...

Address...

Send entries before: 31 - 5 - 1981

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST No. 19

Chandamama [English]

May 1981

IN THIS ISSUE

- THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY: Raju in the land of the holy dragon!.....Page 10
- THE RIDDLE OF SPHINX: Strange story of a strange creature - through pictures.....Page 17
- THE MAGIC OF MARINA: Exploring Madras - past and present.....Page 26
- THE HERO AND HIS MASK: Bodhisattva saves a city.....Page 30
- THE FIRST STORYTELLER: The author who went on gathering tales from Kanya Kumari to the Himalaya.....Page 34
- BHAGAT SINGH: "The incense at the alter of Revolution".....Page 50

PLUS SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES
AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

गिरयो गुरुवलेभ्योऽप्युर्वी पृथ्वी ततोऽग्रि जगत्पथम् ।
ताम्रदप्यतिगुरवोऽहं प्रकरोऽप्यसौ महात्मनाम् ॥

*Girayo guravalebhyo'pyurvi pṛthvi tato'pi jagadlatham
Tamdappyaniguravah prakaro'pyasau mahātmānaḥ*

The hills are lofty; loftier than the hills is the earth. The universe is even loftier than the earth. But great souls who remain calm in the face of catastrophes are the loftiest.

— The Bhāṣinībhāṣā



The stories, articles and designs contained herein are exclusive property of the Publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt according to law.



Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

AGONY OF AN AUTHOR

Where was the city of Pratisthana on the banks of the Godavari? We are not sure. Like so many ancient cities of the world, that too has gone into oblivion - along with the memory of the many kings who once ruled there, merchants who brought prosperity to the place, and so many episodes that must have meant so much to the citizens of the city.

But we know that Gunadhya, our first storyteller, was a resident of Pratisthana. He had gone out on a journey of India from that city and had returned there with a large collection of stories, rewritten by himself. He destroyed much of the collection because he found that his patron, the king, took no keen interest in his work.

Such was the agony of an author! Find his account in the *Story of India* in this issue.

In olden days the kings were the patrons of writers, artists and artistes. Today, the Government of course does much to encourage them. But we the people are the real patrons. If we develop good taste in literature, we will be able to recognise the gifted writers and encourage them. True writers are often too sensitive. Our apathy might discourage them from writing, even if, unlike Gunadhya, they would not destroy what they have written!



NEWS

Actors All!

The world's first Animals' Theatre has just opened in Moscow. Actors and actresses number over two hundred—wolves, dogs, cats, foxes, goats and cocks among others. They pull on with one another very well and act their parts like decent artistes.



The Golden Bird

In the forest of Chandravana, not far from Gwalior, the legendary Golden Bird has been noticed. This bird, unseen since long, is said to be the bringer of good luck. One such bird would fetch at least a lakh of rupees.



L A S N

participated in the girls South Korea took beating Japan 21-10. India qualified to second world championships for to be held next

For Costly Sleep

A bed measuring only just 6 feet 10 inches (its original owner was one foot shorter) was put up for auction in Berne, Switzerland, for 6000 swiss francs. Within five minutes its price went up to 210,000 francs (Rs. 10 lakhs).

It was Napoleon Bonaparte's bed !



Growing Fat!

One whom you know very closely is growing in weight at the rate of 40,000 tonnes a year.

No dieting would help her. She is our Earth. Meteorites and hundreds of dust particles from outer space is bringing this about.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

—By Manoj Das

4. LAND OF THE HOLY DRAGON

Raju did not know how long it took him to cross to the other side of the waterfall. To run through the shower was a wonderful experience. With each step forward he was as though gliding down miles and miles; or as though the space was racing opposite to him giving him a miraculous speed.

Now the waterfall was behind him. Before him lay a mountain country, seemingly not different from his Golden Valley, yet different. As if the sun never shone quite bright here, as if the stars never quite glittered. The region abounded in trees, but he noticed no flower.

Raju climbed a hillock to have a wider view of the country. It was an expansive meadow girdled by a river. The farther it went, it showed a downward slant, till it was lost in a dusky horizon.

"Hey, boy!"

Raju looked back. From a higher hillock behind him an old hunchback was rushing to-

wards him. His eyes glittered like those of a snake. His knotty beard looked like a puzzle.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" asked the hunchback in a hoarse voice.

"I'm Raju, doing nothing. But who are you?"

"I don't like the way you answer. I'm the guardian over the entrance into this Land of Knowledge, and its priest. You might not be doing anything at the moment, but what d'you propose to do?" The old man's voice betrayed anxiety.

"I must find my way to a faraway land—I don't know exactly where though, and I suppose the way lies through this land."

Raju was in an unknown land; he stood before a kind of fellow who was capable of terrifying even a hippopotamus. But Raju sounded quite care-free. The hunchback frowned but he changed his style of speech and tried to be affable.

"Young man, you are welcome. Swim through this river and reach the other side. Then go wherever you like."

Raju was happy at the prospect of leaving the hunchback behind. He plunged into the river.

The water was warm. Raju enjoyed a few dips while swimming. He then took hold of a shrub and climbed the opposite bank.

To his surprise, he saw the hunchback waiting to receive him, extending his arms that were hairy and loathsome.

"I did not see you crossing the river!" observed Raju.

"I dissolved myself on that

side and materialised on this side," informed the hunchback.

"Good heavens! Is that possible?"

"Possible," said the hunchback who almost anticipated the question. "In the ultimate analysis we are all vibrations of energy. When you have the necessary knowledge; you can change yourself to energy and then change the energy into yourself!"

"I see!"

"You've hardly seen anything. Did I not say that you are in the Land of Knowledge? This particular knowledge, of course, is confined to only a few," said the hunchback proudly and





he advanced towards Raju.

Raju took a backward step.

The hunchback's eyebrows danced in a sinister way. "Don't be insolent. You cannot avoid me. Know that you are now going to be a citizen of this land. But you can become so only when I, the priest, hug you and give you a new name."

"What's wrong with my name—Raju?"

The hunchback gave a start as if a buffalo had bumped into his back. "But that is impossible! How do you remember your name?" he asked angrily.

"Because it is my name—

quite a short one at that!"

"But once you have swum through this river you are bound to forget everything! You cannot be a citizen of this land otherwise!"

"Who cares to be a citizen of your land? I'm only a traveller passing through it," said Raju while moving farther and farther from the hunchback.

"Insolence again! How do you fail to realise the importance of being a citizen of this Land of Knowledge? Over the ages I have initiated quite a few outsiders who strayed into this land into its citizenship. Something is wrong with you. That explains why you did not lose your memory. Will you swim the river once or twice more?"

"No!" said Raju who felt that something was very much right with him. He also felt that it is the ring he had got from the golden statue that saved him from the dangerous spell of the river.

The hunchback trembled as he was growing more and more annoyed. He clapped his hands. It produced unusual echoes in the hills. Instead of fading away they grew louder and louder as they multiplied.

"These are the funniest echoes—

"I've ever heard," Raju could not help saying.

"Funniest is not the word, you chap! Echoes growing louder is one of the achievements of our science."

Before Raju had said anything, scores of people looking like sepoy were seen rushing towards him. "Catch this intruder!" ordered the hunchback.

Raju began running. The sepoy were trying to pounce upon him from all sides. But he evaded them as swiftly as a squirrel. He hid behind a rock and when the sepoy came closer he climbed it and jumped onto another rock.

He ran and ran until he reached a valley. At the far end of the valley stood a castle and a cluster of houses. He ran in that direction, hopeful of finding a shelter.

The sepoy gave him a hot chase. Soon Raju ran out of breath and decided to give himself up to his pursuers, come what may.

He stopped and waited for the sepoy to take hold of him. But nothing like that happened. Surprised, he looked over his shoulder. The sepoy had stopped. Their attention had gone elsewhere—to a hilltop.



There was panic in their faces.

Raju looked at the hillock, following their gaze. What he saw baffled him. A sweet little boy stood transfixed. A ghastly dragon, its eyes fixed on his, was crawling towards him.

"The prince! The prince himself is going to be eaten up by the holy dragon!" murmured the sepoy.

"You funny fellows! Why don't you kill the dragon if he is going to eat up the prince?" asked Raju laying his hand on his sword.

The sepoy looked at him rather strangely. There was bewilderment as well as contempt



in their look. Then their attention returned to the dragon.

Before long there arrived a royal chariot, drawn by two stout men. Raju was surprised at the speed of those human horses.

"Your Majesty!" muttered the soldiers. They bowed down to the king who, while stomaching a sob, cried out, "O my poor son!"

"Your Majesty, why don't you order your soldiers to fight the dragon and save your son?" asked Raju impatiently.

The king surveyed Raju with some surprise and then began sobbing, looking at the helpless

prince. The dragon was only a yard or two away from its prey.

Raju unsheathed his sword and in two bounds reached the hilltop. The dragon had already made an attempt at gobbling up the prince with a flick of its multi-forked tongue. The tongue had just fallen short of hooking him. Before it had made a second attempt, Raju's sword cut off its head.

Just then the hunchback materialised near the king.

The dragon's head rolled down the hill and hit the royal chariot. The last flicker of fire from its nostrils burnt a part of the hunchback's beard.

"What—what—what have you done?" asked the hunchback, on the verge of swooning away.

"I believe I've killed the dragon that was about to kill the prince! And since I don't see a band of new dragons cropping up from its blood, we are safe. In such a situation the king ought to reward me with half the kingdom and a princess, I don't need any, though."

"Arrest him," growled the hunchback.

"Yes, do so by all means," agreed the king. "Instead of the public gaol, throw him into



the palace dungeon," he added.

The little prince had by then come down. Gratitude welling out of his eyes, he came clinging to Raju. "Hello princeling!" said Raju endearingly. But some of the soldiers tore Raju away from him.

Raju was led towards the palace. Behind him he could hear the hunchback and the king discussing where to bury the dead dragon and what kind of memorial to raise on its grave.

* *

It was midnight. The more Raju thought of his encounter with the dragon, the greater was his surprise. Why did the

hunchback and the king feel so upset over his killing the dragon? How could his saving the prince from the tongue of death be considered punishable?

The dark corridor flashed with a dim light. The dungeon opened. Whom should Raju see but the king himself ducking in, leaving his bodyguards outside!

"Young man, you saved my son. I am grateful to you," the king mumbled out. "I don't want you to die."

"Thanks, Your Majesty, but why at all should anybody want me to die?"

"As you know, ours is the Land of Knowledge. For



knowledge you need discipline. The dragon was the guardian deity of discipline—a holy monster. He ate one man or woman a day—not more. It was a part of our discipline never to complain at its choice. As the king I could not have violated the discipline!"

"But, Your Majesty, how did the monster become the guardian deity of discipline?"

"I can confide to you the secret I know. The dragon by itself was nothing more than a monster. But the people would not respect a code of discipline unless they knew that there was a deity who guarded it. The more awful the deity, the more it is effective."

"Your Majesty, what kind of knowledge do you cultivate if

your chariot must be drawn by men instead of horses?"

The king patted Raju on the back. "My boy, those who appeared to you to be men are in fact horses. We have given them human forms. We have also made horses out of human beings. This should speak of the extent of our knowledge!" said the king.

"I understand, my lord!" Raju sighed.

"Do you?" Raju's sigh made the king sceptic. "What do you understand?" he asked.

"That it is only a bizarre dragon that can be the presiding deity of this kind of blind quest for useless knowledge," answered Raju.

The king became restive.

(To Continue)



THE RIDDLE OF SPHINX



Upon a hill in Thebes sat a strange monster called the Sphinx. It had the head of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the paws of a lion and the wings of a bird.

It asked the travellers, "Who walked in the morning on four legs, on two legs later in the day, and on three legs in the evening?"



When a traveller failed to answer, the Sphinx pounced upon him and devoured him. This tyranny of the Sphinx continued for long.



The king promised to give his crown to one who can explain the riddle. One day a hero, Oedipus, confronted the Sphinx.





To the monster's question, his answer was—"Man!" In his childhood, or the morning of life, man walks on all fours.

As man grows up—he learns to walk on his two legs and continues like that throughout the "day-time" of his life.



When he grows old—in the evening of his life—he takes the help of a walking stick. Thus Oedipus explained the riddle.



As the riddle was answered correctly, the Sphinx gave out a cry and itself jumped to the rocky ground below—crushing itself to death.





THE REWARD

Ganesh was an employee in the jewellery shop of Ramlal. With the small salary he got at the end of the month he managed his family with difficulty. But he believed in honesty. He exhorted his children to remain truthful at any cost.

He needed a thousand rupees for his daughter's marriage. Ramlal promised to advance him the amount, but backed out. Ganesh felt disappointed.

Seth Tarachand was a wealthy man. One day he came to Ramlal's shop and bought a necklace. Ramlal was in a hurry. He asked Ganesh to pack the ornament and receive its value from the Seth.

The Seth paid the price and

took the packet. Just then a friend of the Seth came there looking for him. The Seth kept his packet on Ganesh's table and embraced his friend. A little later both of them went out. The Seth forgot his packet.

"This is a golden opportunity. I can sell the necklace at a reduced value. That would solve my problem. So far as the Seth is concerned, the loss would hardly matter to him. He is so wealthy that he can buy the whole shop off Ramlal without any strain on his coffer!" thought Ganesh.

He picked up the packet and pocketed it. Then he locked the shop, left the key at Ramlal's



house, and then headed towards a certain shop that was reputed for buying stolen goods.

But his own action had begun to tell on his nerves. His conscience took him to task. He felt extremely uneasy.

The shop was at the end of a crowded lane. On reaching it, he found that the packet had slipped off his pocket. He did not realise that his pocket had a hole in it.

"The necklace was a loss to the Seth. It has also been a loss to me. I have to suffer the pangs of both the losses. Cursed be I!" murmured Ganesh to himself.

Soon tears began rolling down his cheeks. He found his way into a temple. He sat there for some time, praying to the Lord to be pardoned.

He then walked towards home. Passing before Ramlal's jewellery shop, he found the Seth waiting on the verandah.

His heart knocked against his ribs! "Surely, the Seth has come in search of his forgotten necklace," he thought.

"Will you please see if this is the necklace I bought from you?" the Seth asked Ganesh holding out a packet to him. To his surprise Ganesh found that that was indeed the very necklace he had lost!

"Sethji, no doubt, this is the necklace I sold you. But what caused the doubt in you?" asked Ganesh.

"Well, brother, on reaching home I found the packet missing. I was sure it had fallen off my pocket. I took a round of the whole road, but did not find it. Soon a boy came up to me and asked me if I was looking for something. On my telling him what it was, he handed it over to me. He had just found it. 'What an honest boy!' said the Seth.

Ganesh understood that the



packet had not slipped off the Seth's pocket, but his pocket. However, he felt happy that the Seth's property was back with him. He felt thankful to his Lord.

He had just entered his home when Vijay, his son, came smiling. "Father, I have great news for you. I went to meet you at your shop. You had already left it. I saw a packet lying in the step. I opened it and found that it contained a gold necklace. Soon my attention went to Seth Tarachand. He was straining his eyes as if to find something he had lost. I asked him and learnt that the necklace I had found was his. I returned it to him. He gave me a handsome reward," said the boy in one breath.

"Very good. You deserved

the reward. Spend it as you like," said Ganesh.

"Father, you were worried on account of the money necessary for my sister's marriage. How much is necessary?" asked Vijay.

"O, boy, that is rather a large sum—a thousand rupees!"

Vijay smiled, "The Seth has given me a thousand rupees," he disclosed. "Please use it for the marriage. The Seth is a wonderful man."

"You are not any less wonderful, my boy," thought Ganesh. But he had to move quickly away from the scene. It was because he had to hide his welling tears. "How grateful I am to you, O Lord! You did not let me be a thief; yet you solved my problem!" he whispered in his prayer to the deity when he was in the temple again.





*The Arabian
Nights*

Secret of a Slave

The season of monsoon was about to be over. There was no rain. The people of the city of Bassorah felt extremely anxious. The drought was sure to bring them much misery.

One night a few devotees gathered in front of a mosque and looking upward at the sky, uttered their prayer: "Be merciful to us, O God, for we are threatened by drought. Kindly give us some rain!"

They repeated their prayer for a long time. But not a jot of cloud was seen in the sky. Disappointed, they lay prostrate there. Then they fell asleep.

One of them who was awake

saw a dark young man climbing a heap of stones. He knelt down and after a moment of prayerful silence, looked skyward and said, "O God, why do you ignore the prayer of these hapless people? I appeal to you in the name of your love for me, bring down rain, O my Lord!"

He then descended from the heap and began walking away. The devotee who had remained awake caught up with him and asked him, "Who are you?"

"I am a slave. I am living in the house behind this mosque, along with a host of other slaves. We are to be sold," replied the boy, who seemed to be in a daze.

"How audacious of you to tell God that He should send down rain because of His love for you! How did you know that he loves you?" the devotee demanded to know.

"If He does not love me, how did I know about Him? Where

from did I get the faith to pray to Him?" asked the slave-boy. He then resumed walking and without himself looking upward, said, "Look at the sky and you will know whether He loves me or not!"

The devotee looked at the sky. To his great surprise he saw the sky—which was absolutely clear only a moment ago, growing dark with clouds. Before he had taken his eyes off the clouds, a shower came down.

He looked for the slave-boy. But he was gone. The rain had woken up the other devotees. Together they took shelter in the mosque.

It rained for the whole night and heavily too. In the morning they saw men and women moving about happily because the spell of drought had at last been broken. All the tanks and pools had been filled to their brink.

The devotees were determined to find out the slave-boy. They located the slave-dealer's house. "Have you a slave-boy for sale?" they asked the dealer.

"Not one, but many. You can have your choice," he said, ushering them into a hall.

About fifty slaves sat in the



hall, and many of them were young. The devotees scanned each one of them, but did not find the one they were eager to meet. When they were about to give up their search, their attention went to a solitary slave who sat squeezed in a corner, his face hid in his arms and knees.

They went near him. At the dealer's command the boy raised his head. The devotee who had talked to him at night recognised him.

"We would like to buy him off you," they told the dealer.

The dealer looked rather uncertain. He said, "I am an

honest trader. I should tell you that this one is a madcap. If you want a good servant, I have other young men to offer. Choose one of them."

"No. We want this young man", said the devotees.

The dealer gave him away for a small price. The devotees came out with the slave-boy.

"What is your command for me, my masters?" asked the slave-boy.

"You are to command us, you are our master, O great soul, God's beloved," replied the devotees humbly.

The boy looked at them with curiosity. The devotee who had talked to him at night said, "Don't you recognise me? Had we not met last night just before your prayer brought down the

rain?"

"Oh!" The boy became grave. "I was in a daze then. I don't remember much. However, will you kindly let me pray in the mosque?" he asked.

"As you will. We are to attend upon you," said the devotees.

The slave-boy entered the mosque and knelt down. He was heard murmuring, "O God, your love for me is no longer a secret. People will now pay special attention to me. The sweetness of the privacy is gone. Won't you, my Lord, better take me away unto you?"

He prostrated. A long time passed, but he did not get up. The devotees, after some hesitation, touched him—only to find that he was no more.



THE FUTURE

The father sold his property for the young Keshav's higher education and training. Keshav qualified himself for a lucrative job. He married the daughter of a wealthy man and settled down in the town.

His parents lived in the village. They grew old. The father fell sick. But Keshav took no interest in them.

Keshav had a son. The day the boy completed his study in the school, Keshav's wife told Keshav, "Get a small job for our boy."

"Why a small job? He must study further and qualify himself for an important job!" said Keshav.

"In that case he would marry in a rich man's family, lead a luxurious life, and would lose all interest in us. It is thinking of our future that I wished him an humble life," said Keshav's wife.

Keshav sat glum for a long time. He started for his village the same day and returned with his old parents. He looked after them as best as he could.





Travels Through India

THE MAGIC OF MARINA

The drive along the Marina was exciting. On one side were buildings—some of them as aristocratic as they were old. On the other side stretched the sandy beach. Beyond the sand were the blue ripples of the Bay of Bengal.

Along the promenade stood a number of statues of celebrities.

"In the morning I told you about Thyagaraja, didn't I?"

"Yes' it was good that we learnt about him," said the boys.

"But T. Nagar is not named after him, but after Sir P. Theagaraya Chetty, an illustrious citizen."

Soon they were in the historic fort built by the East India Company in the 17th century.

Mr. Sadasivam led the boys and Ravi's uncle, Shyam Gupta,

to a house behind the old barracks of the fort.

"This was once the residence of a young Colonel, Wellesley. That was in 1798. Years later it was he who won the epoch-making victory over Napoleon, in the battle of Waterloo. He is famous as the Duke of Wellington," informed Mr. Sadasivam.

Inside the museum of the fort, Mr. Sadasivam drew the attention of his guests to an old document.

"This records a marriage that had taken place here in 1753. Do you know who was the bridegroom? Lord Clive! The bride was the sister of a famous astronomer, Nevil Maskelyne," he said.

"I have passed by this way so many times. But I never knew that this building housed so much memory of the past—particularly of Clive—the creator of our Indian Empire as the old English writers used to refer to him," said Shyam Gupta.

"Clive had reached Madras penniless. He lived in such misery that he decided to commit suicide. Twice he shot at himself, but both the times the pistol did not work. He threw it away, exclaiming. "It appears I am destined for something. I will live." This was in 1743. In 1746 Madras was captured by the French. Clive escaped and then took a notable part in the battles against the French. After his marriage he left for England. But he came back soon. In the Battle of Plassey, he defeated Siraj-ud-Dowla. He returned to England a very wealthy man—to be hailed as Baron Clive of Plassey. He came to India for the third time to set the Company's affairs right. When he went back, he was stormed with several charges. What a fall from fame! He

tried to kill himself again—and this time he succeeded!"

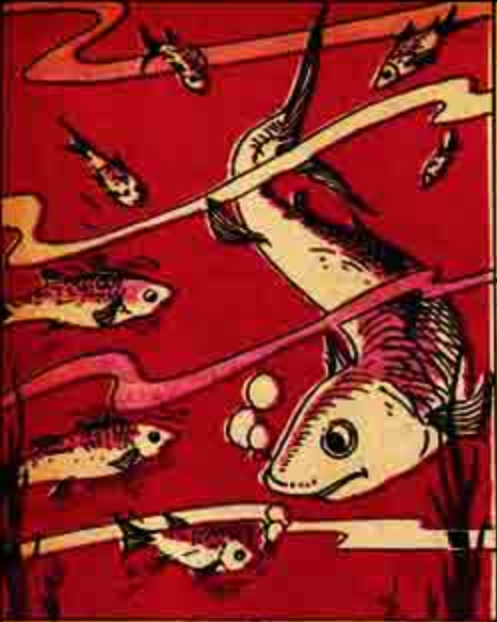
The three were listening to Mr. Sadasivam with great interest. After entertaining his guests to tea in a restaurant, Mr. Sadasivam drove them back, along the Marina again.

It was evening and elegant light flooded the promenade. "Is this the same Marina?" asked Ravi. The others laughed. Indeed, what a change the evening had brought about! Hundreds of men, women, and children thronged the area. There were dozens of mobile shops.

"It is like magic!" exclaimed Raman.

"Let us become a part of the magic for a while," said Mr. Sadasivam. He parked the car. They alighted and mingled with the crowd.





THE BIG AND THE BIGGER

A still grey pool was the colony of little fish. They were either white or black in colour and none of them was bigger than the size of our little finger. In the same pool lived a multi-coloured fish bigger than the rest. He was proud of his size and the many colours that embellished his skin. So, he kept himself aloof from the rest. Whenever the little fish crossed his path he sneered at them, "You ugly little creatures! How dare you cross my path? If I happen to see you again, I will throw you out of this pool."

The proud big fish never allowed the little ones to wander

freely. At the sight of him the little ones swam helter-skelter.

One day a very old fish approached the big one and said, "How handsome you are! A fish of your size and beauty deserves to live in a big river. This gutter-like pool is hardly the place for a prince like you. If you go off to the big river, you can mix with others of your own size and status. And think of the luxurious life in the river!"

The big fish pondered over the matter. The very thought of living in a big river made his heart gallop in joy.

"Yes", he said to himself, "That is an idea worth following. I can get rid of this stinking pool and once for all bid good-bye to these stupid fish who know not my worth. The big river is the right place for me to lead a happy and respectable life."

He was determined to desert the small pool and told every

little creature about his plan.

The little fish were all very happy at the news. They sang, danced and leaped in joy. A few days later there was heavy rain and the big river overflowed its banks. The flood water covered the little pool. Happy at heart, the big fish bade good-bye to the little fish. He rose to the top of the water and allowed himself to be swept downstream to the river.

The moment he reached the mouth of the river, he saw five big fish hunting down worms. The stranger liked to participate in their game and swam nearer.

"You ugly little fool! Do you think you are our equal? You want to share our hunting joy, eh? Get out. Run for your life. If we see you again in our hunting area we will tear you to shreds," warned a hunter fish.

The scared stranger swam away from their sight farther into the big river. Before he could swim a yard or two he was attacked by a tiger fish. To escape from his hands the stranger penetrated his way into a nearby hole where a giggling crab clasped him by his tongue-like hands. The stranger struggled for his life and at last



managed to escape, wounded though. The moment he came out of the crab's burrow he was chased by an eel. The fish took him for a snake and swam with all his strength and hid beneath a large clump of weeds.

"My God! This river is no heaven! It is much better to be 'somebody' in a little pool than to be harassed like this in a big river," the proud fish realised at last.

With much difficulty he swam his way back to the pool. But he had become a changed fish. He freely mixed with the little creatures of the pool and was kind and courteous to all.

—Retold by P. Raju

The Hero and his Mask

In days gone by Bodhisattva was born in the family of a Brahmin and received his education from a famous scholar of Takshasila. He mastered the Vedas and the eighteen branches of knowledge. At the same time, he became an excellent archer.

After completing his study he thought of entering the king's service. He was, however, very small in stature. "The king is not likely to be impressed by my size. He won't even care to try my hand at shooting arrows," he thought. By chance he met a villager who looked like a giant. On enquiry he found out that the man was poor and he worked hard for a living.

"What is your name?" asked Bodhisattva.

"Bhimsen," replied the villager. "Good. You seem to deserve such a name. If you accompany me and do as I say, you will be quite comfortable," said Bodhisattva.

Bhimsen hopefully accom-

panied Bodhisattva. Both went to the king's court. As tutored by Bodhisattva, Bhimsen told the king that he was an expert fighter and that the king would do good to employ him as an officer.

The king and his courtiers looked at Bhimsen with amazement. There was nobody among them who could be compared to him in tallness and robustness.

"What is the salary you expect?"

"A thousand silver coins a fortnight, my lord."

The king had been so much impressed by Bhimsen that he at once agreed to pay him the salary he demanded.

"Who is this chap?" asked the king, looking at Bodhisattva.

"My page, my lord," replied Bhimsen.

The king gave Bhimsen and Bodhisattva a house. Bhimsen was happy past description. "I did not know that such a bright luck was in store for me. What if the king asks me to



fight?" he asked Bodhisattva.

"Am I not there to manage the situation?" Bodhisattva said.

Bhimsen had no more anxiety. He passed his time eating and sleeping as much as he could.

One of the roads leading to the capital passed by a forest. A tiger turned a man-eater and pounced upon travellers. The report reached the king. He called Bhimsen and asked him if he could kill the tiger.

"Why is my master here if he can't kill a mere tiger?" said Bodhisattva who had followed Bhimsen to the court.

"You have answered well.

Go and kill the beast at the earliest," ordered the king.

As the two came out of the court, Bhimsen cried out, "How am I going to tackle the tiger? You have placed me in an awkward situation!"

"Don't worry. The tiger shall be killed," said Bodhisattva confidently. Then he told Bhimsen what he should do.

Bhimsen went into the village near the forest and in the king's name commanded the villagers to help him tackle the tiger. The villagers came out with sticks, daggers and bows. They numbered more than two hundred.

Bhimsen asked them to spread





out into the forest and make a ring round the area where the tiger was believed to live. They did so. Then beating the drums and shouting and yelling they pressed forward toward the centre of the circle.

When the tiger saw that it was being surrounded, it jumped off its hiding. At once Bhimsen backed out and hid inside a bush. The villagers made a determined attack on the tiger. It lay dead under their blows.

Holding a creeper in his hand, Bhimsen came out and demanded of the villagers angrily, "Who killed the tiger? I

intended catching it and dragging it alive to the court. Who spoilt my plan? Speak out. I should report him to the king."

The villagers looked at one another. Their leader said, "We are sorry to deprive you of the chance to show such a feat, O brave Bhimsen. Please pardon us. Let not the king get annoyed with us."

"Hm. For your sake I have to tell the king that I killed the tiger in the process of capturing it!" said Bhimsen thoughtfully.

"Please do so, kind Bhimsen!" pleaded the villagers.

The villagers entertained Bhimsen to a feast, gave him gifts, and dragged the dead tiger up to the threshold of the palace. There Bhimsen gave out a cry of joy. The guards reported to the king that the hero was back. His adventure had been crowned with success.

The king hurried out and greeted Bhimsen with praise and presents.

Bhimsen grew proud. Thereafter he treated Bodhisattva with contempt.

"Don't be unkind," Bodhisattva told him one day.

"Shut up!" shouted Bhimsen. "You have no place in my house."



Bodhisattva left Bhimsen's house. But he heard from others that the fort was under attack from some enemy. He saw the king's messenger knocking on Bhimsen's door and telling him that the king wants him to lead the army against the attackers. Soon the army stood ready before Bhimsen's house and Bhimsen was shown an elephant that he was to ride.

Bhimsen came out. His eyes fell on Bodhisattva. Struggling with his tears, he whispered to Bodhisattva. "My friend, please come to my rescue!"

Bodhisattva asked him to mount the elephant. He too mounted it and sat behind Bhimsen. But, as soon as the door of the fort was open to let the elephant and the army go out to face the enemy, Bhimsen swooned away.

There was no time to lose. Bodhisattva removed Bhimsen and then began shooting arrows at the enemy. What an archer he was! The leaders of the enemy fell before him like reeds cut at their roots.

The soldiers following Bodhisattva advanced with great enthusiasm. The attackers fled like kicked dogs.

The king who saw the defence of his fort from the turret came down and embraced Bodhisattva. He had realised that Bhimsen was a nincompoop. Bodhisattva had used him only as his mask.

After Bhimsen was revived, Bodhisattva sent him back to his village with many gifts. At the king's request, Bodhisattva lived with him as his friend for some time.

—From the Buddha Jataka





STORY OF INDIA—53

THE FIRST STORYTELLER

The city of Pratisthana, in the Andhra region, was the capital of the Satavahana kings. Among the court-scholars were Gunadhya and Sarvasvarman. Once Sarvasvarman assured the king that he can teach him Sanskrit in six months.

A wager was made between the two scholars. Gunadhya declared that he would give up writing in Sanskrit if the king could learn Sanskrit in six months. The studious king proved successful. Gunadhya lost the wager.



Gunadhya took to wandering. He toured the country from Kanya Kumari to the Himalaya and collected numerous stories from the common folk as well as learned men. He wrote them down in a language known as *Shudhasha* or *Paishacha*.





After many years Gunadhya was back at Pratisthana. Scholars and his friends greeted him warmly. He had compiled a voluminous book—the world's first great collection of tales—the Brihatkatha.

Gunadhya began reading out to the king what he had gathered through years of labour. But the king, instead of paying him attention, was observed talking to his ministers. Gunadhya felt offended.



Gunadhya quietly packed up his palm-leaf volumes and walked out of the court. The unmindful king could not notice it immediately. The courtiers too did not care to stop him.





Deep was Gunadhya's anguish. He climbed a hillock, made a fire, and began throwing his palm-leaf stacks into it one after another. This is how his labour and art began going up in smoke.

It is said that animals and birds shed tears looking at what Gunadhya was doing. It is further said that the trees bent down in sorrow. But Gunadhya went on destroying his own work.



A courtier who happened to pass by stopped and saw what Gunadhya was doing. He rushed to the court and reported to the king about Gunadhya's unfortunate action. The king now realised his own folly.





Without losing a moment the king jumped onto his horse and galloped forth as fast as he could. His ministers followed him. The hillock was not far. The king was the first to reach the spot.

"Pardon me, O great author, don't destroy your invaluable work!" cried out the king, embracing Gunadhya. But by then only one-fifth of the great work was left. The king took hold of the remaining manuscript himself.



Gunadhya was given a royal reception. His work is lost to us. Its language, *Bhuta-bhasha*, too is forgotten. But the tales of the *Brihatkatha*—whatever had survived the fire—are alive in the *Kathasaritsagara*, Somadeva's immortal Sanskrit work of a later age.





MAN-MADE MARVELS

THE WALL ACROSS BRITAIN

The wall a Roman Emperor ordered his army to build has stood for two thousand years!

A great Roman ruler, Emperor Hadrian, had proved himself a victorious general. He built towns, reformed his country's legal system, created a state postal service and erected many fine buildings in Rome. A talented writer, he spent much time in the company of poets, scholars and philosophers. But the British people remember him simply as the man who built Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian's laws and social reforms vanished with the collapse of the Roman Empire, but his wall has stood through the centuries as a man-made marvel that would be virtually impossible to reproduce today.

When Hadrian came to power in A.D. 117, the Roman garrison in Britain was finding it impossible to keep the country under control. The north, in

particular, had never been properly subdued, and the wild tribes who lived there were fighting back savagely. Hadrian arrived in Britain in A.D. 122 in order to study the crisis, and he saw at once that with his limited troops he had little chance of taking new territory. Safer by far, he decided, to establish a line of defence. He decided to build a wall right across the country that would stand as a permanent barrier between the northern barbarians and the people of Roman Britain of the south.

Coast to Coast

The defence line that Hadrian chose ran between the Tyne and Solway, a distance of no less than 112 km. The wall was to be five metres high and three

metres thick. Hadrian sought to control movement between north and south rather than to prevent it. Merchants, farmers with sheep and cattle, as well as ordinary local folk, would obviously need to move from one side of the wall to the other, and so long as they did so peacefully and paid the proper customs-dues there seemed no good reason for stopping them.

This peaceful but busy traffic was clearly going to need convenient openings in the wall. So fortified gates were built at one mile intervals. These were 18 metres square and contained store rooms and barracks, not only for the soldiers who would be in charge of the gates but also for the sentries who patrolled the wall.

There were two observation towers like miniature forts. It enabled an almost complete watch to be kept on the land to the north, and in the event of large numbers of suspicious-looking tribesmen approaching, the alarm could be given and extra troops brought up to deal with the attack.

This they did by passing through the nearest gate and engaging the enemy in the open, for it was never intended that

troops should fight from the wall itself. Roman war tactics worked better on the flat.

Later, elaborate forts were added to the scheme, but the wall itself is the real wonder - an astonishing monument to three years' Herculean labour by a work-force of some ten thousand men.

It says a good deal for the Roman Legions that they built the wall themselves, without civilian assistance. A few Britons may have been used to drive carts and carry out minor tasks, but essentially it was a job for the army.

The Roman Life Style

Like soldiers everywhere, the guardians of the wall complained in their letters that they led fairly dull lives, and any skirmish was probably relished as an escape from boredom. Roman soldiers normally served for 25 years, and discipline in the Legions was tough, one instance being recorded of a soldier being sentenced to death just for laying his sword aside while digging a ditch. Any unit accused of cowardice in the face of the enemy ran the risk of "decimation", which meant



Roman soldier's ration of bacon fat, biscuit and wine, it was always easy to obtain local delicacies. Modern research has discovered that, contrary to what one might imagine of a people renowned for their elaborate baths, the Roman soldier seldom cleaned out his living quarters and left behind layers of filth that have lasted the best part of two thousand years.

Dirty or not, Hadrian's soldiers built so well that much of their wall is still in remarkably good condition, and it is easy to appreciate just what a marvellous achievement it was. Four years ago a firm of engineers calculated that it would cost £80 million to make a similar one out of concrete. But they made no estimate for the wall as the Romans built it, out of 1,300,000 cubic metres of well-finished masonry. Simply because nobody builds that way anymore.

that the authorities executed every tenth man. On the other hand, the medical services were good, and a wounded soldier could expect to be treated by an exceptionally skilled doctor and sent to regain his health in a well-run military hospital.

Food was good on the wall, for in addition to the usual

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"

When they said, "Is it small?"

He replied, "Not at all!

It is four times as big as the bush!"

— Edward Lear



TWO LAKHIERS

Ramgupta and Virgupta were the two lakhiers of Rajpur.

Haridas was a day-labourer. After a day's work he went to Ramgupta for his wage.

"I have a ten-rupee note. Return me five rupees," said Ramgupta.

"Sir, I have nothing with me. Give me the note. I am reporting for work tomorrow. That would account for the other five rupees," said Haridas.

"I do not pay in advance," said Ramgupta.

It is then that Virgupta reached there. "What is the problem?" he asked.

"Can you give me change for ten rupees? I need five rupees to pay to this man" said Ramgupta.

Virgupta took the ten-rupee note, but gave only five rupees.

"I have exactly the amount you need. Take the rest afterwards," said Virgupta.

But Virgupta never seemed to remember that he owed five rupees to Ramgupta.

And how can Ramgupta, a lakhier, ask a paltry five rupees from another lakhier?





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

In Quest of Fame

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It drizzled continuously. Cracks of thunder shook the region. Eerie laughter mingled with the howls of jackals while flashes of lightning revealed unearthly faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said: "O King, are you out to fulfil a difficult task in order to gain fame? If so, your labour may go in vain. It has been observed that an effort may not yield the desired fame and the fame may not give the desired satisfaction. Let me give you an instance. Pay attention to the story. That might bring you some relief





The vampire went on: Mukund was a young villager. His father was a farmer. Near their house stood an old temple. The sculpture on the temple showed some heroic characters wrestling and fencing and shooting arrows. From his childhood Mukund felt inspired by them. He learnt these arts as much as he could.

"Legend says that our ancestors belonging to this village were famous for bravery. Why can't we grow famous and bring glory to our village?" he used to ask his friends.

"Times have changed. You cannot draw the attention of

the public to your talent unless you are in the town," replied one of his friends.

Mukund decided to proceed to the town despite his father's objections.

A short-cut road passed through a forest. The forest was the haunt of a notorious bandit named Virendra. That is why travellers avoided it. But Mukund was fearless. He wended his way through the forest.

With a terrific shout the bandit sprang up before Mukund. With an equally terrific shout Mukund suddenly planted a blow on his jaw. The bandit had not expected this. He fell down.

"It is now for ten years that I have ruled this forest. My very name, Virendra, sears people stiff. You are the first man to give a fitting challenge to me!" said the bandit.

"I never imagined that you were Virendra! Well, will you kindly teach me your skill?" asked Mukund.

"Who won't be proud to have a student of your calibre?" replied the bandit.

The two proceeded to the town. It was evening. They selected a house for burgling it and waited till it was midnight.

Then Virendra showed how to cross into the compound stealthily. Mukund also learnt how to break open a door without making noise.

They entered the house. Through his vast experience and strong common sense Virendra hit upon the chest that contained money and jewellery. He brought them out and made a bale of them.

The two were about to leave the house when Virendra's eyes fell on a picture on the wall. He had a close look at it. Then he looked at the woman who slept below it. He paused and kept the bale down near her and left the house without any booty.

"What happened? Why did you steal at all if you had to leave the booty behind?" asked Mukund with surprise.

Virendra explained: "It happened last year. I had been mauled by a bear and was lying senseless in the forest. This woman, while returning from a temple with her kinsmen, found me and nursed me back to senses. How can I plunder her house?"

"But what would have happened if you had not seen the picture? You would have ruined the woman who had saved you! My brother, yours is an in-



human vocation. I realise that fame does not lie this way. I have no more business with you," said Mukund. They parted company.

Next day Mukund, while loitering in the streets, was seen by a nobleman. It was the practice with the nobleman to entertain to a meal a stranger a day. He took Mukund home. Upon hearing of Mukund's ambition, he said, "You can live with me as long as you wish and try to fulfil your ambition."

Mukund lived in the nobleman's house. His fight with the bandit had given him much



courage. He learnt that a man called Chakradhar was considered to be the bravest man in the town. Chakradhar received a regular allowance from the king.

Mukund found out Chakradhar's house. One evening while Chakradhar was enjoying a stroll in his own garden, Mukund bounded up to him and brandished his sword.

"What's the matter with you? Who are you? Why do you wish to attack me?" asked Chakradhar.

"I'm Mukund. I wish to fight you. If I can defeat you, I can win the honour of being

the greatest hero in the town," answered Mukund.

"In that case you ought to fight me in the open. Who would recognise your bravery in a private garden?" asked Chakradhar.

"What if I am defeated? Why should I lose face in the public? I wish to try your strength hiding from others," said Mukund frankly.

Chakradhar brought out his sword. Both fought. In a few minutes Chakradhar had to accept defeat.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Chakradhar. "You are a true hero. Come on, let's be friends. Let's fight everyday in sport. I think there is much that I can learn from you."

"What would be my profit?" asked Mukund.

"I'll pay you a hundred rupees a day," said Chakradhar.

They played and practised different forms of combats day after day. Two months passed. Chakradhar saw that he had nothing more to learn from Mukund. He said, "Look here, brother Mukund, I find it difficult to pay you a hundred rupees a day any longer. You may take up some other work."

Mukund had gathered enough

money to buy shares in a business. He was sure, wealth would bring him fame. He was lucky. The business flourished. Mukund became very rich.

But he found no satisfaction in his new status. "What if people know me as a wealthy man? So many are rich! People only pretend to respect the rich. Nobody really respects them," he thought.

He devoted himself to art and music. But he found that they needed great patience and concentration. He did not pursue them.

One morning he was pleasantly surprised to see his father arriving in the town. "What brought you here?" he asked.

"The yield in our lands is the highest ever in the history of this kingdom. I am here at the invitation of the king. He wishes to honour me for the record crop I have produced," said the father.

Mukund accompanied his father to the court. The father was given a grand ovation. He had become the most famous and respectable man in the kingdom. "You are a beloved child of the Mother Earth. That is why she has opened her splendour to you," said the king.



In the next few days Mukund closed down his business in the town and returned home with his father.

The vampire paused and asked King Vikram in a challenging tone. "Why did Mukund decide to return home? He was not unsuccessful in anything! Was it because he suddenly felt homesick? Answer me, if you can, O King. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulder."

King Vikram answered forthwith: "Mukund was a good-natured youth. Whatever he



had learnt, he had learnt through his simplicity and inquisitiveness. But his motive in coming to the town was to earn glory like his ancestors. He had been given to understand that he could do so only by coming over to the town. But this was proved wrong by his father's achievement of fame. Mukund realised that if a man was sincere and devoted to his

work, recognition was most likely to come—be he stationed in a village or in a town. Once his father had become famous, Mukund felt that his own goal had been almost fulfilled. Hence he returned to the village."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



The family had a guest. He was a charming old man of eighty—noble in bearing, courteous in conduct and kind in words.

"I won't mind growing old if I could be that charming," commented the twelve-year old boy after the guest had left.

"If you want to be like him, better begin today. He did not become that charming with a sudden decision," said the mother.



THE RIGHT MAN

There was scarcity of water in a village. On receiving an application from the villagers, the king sanctioned money for digging a large pond in the village.

The king's sanction, passing through the minister, reached the Administrator of the area. The Administrator sent it to the Sectional Officer. The Sectional Officer asked the village headman to do the needful.

After the work was completed the king himself paid a visit to the village. Back in the palace, he told the minister, "The work has been defective. Summon the man responsible for it."

The minister called for an explanation from the Administrator. The Administrator took the Section Officer to task. The Section Officer rebuked the village headman and ordered him to meet the king.

As soon as the headman reached the court, the king congratulated him and said, "Had I declared that the work had been excellent and wished to reward the man responsible for the work, the news would not have gone far enough to reach you—the right man."



BHAGAT SINGH



dom movement when he was sixteen.

He, along with some other patriots, organised a militant party known as the Hindustan Socialist Republican Army. Its activities spread throughout Punjab, Delhi, and Uttar Pradesh. The British Government was trying to root out the Army. But the members of the Army easily hoodwinked the spies set by the Government.

In the month of November 1928 a mass rally was organised against the British in the city of Lucknow. The demonstration was led by Lala Lajpat Rai, a veteran freedom fighter and a widely respected leader.

Suddenly, at the command of an officer, J. A. Scott, the police pounced upon Lajpat Rai and beat him brutally. The leader fell down. Within a few days he died.

This deliberate show of brute force by the rulers had to be suitably answered — decided

"...In Bhagat Singh self-sacrifice and bravery had passed the upper limits...The lesson which we should learn from Bhagat Singh is to die in a manly and bold manner so that the country may live," said Jawaharlal Nehru.

Bhagat Singh had become the synonym of courage in the nineteen twenties. So many stories about him were in circulation—how he escaped the police net, how he saved his friends from some dangers, so on and so forth.

Born in 1907 in Lyallpur district (now in Pakistan) of Punjab he had joined the free-

Bhagat Singh.

Scott had an assistant, Saunders. It was a December morning. Saunders, coming out of his office, was about to get onto his motorbike when Bhagat Singh and his friends, Chandra Shekhar Azad and Rajguru, confronted him. Rajguru fired the first shot. Bhagat Singh repeated the shots. Saunders lay dead.

The British Government launched a massive search for the three youths. But the search brought only a series of disappointments for them. Again and again when they were sure that they could catch the wanted

ones, the latter slipped through their fingers.

Those who knew Bhagat Singh would not betray him to his enemy. Bhagat Singh impressed them as a man of unusual courage and true patriotism. He was often heard reciting these words of Swami Vivekananda: "You talk of patriotism, but has the thought of your motherland taken so much hold of you that you have lost your sleep and you carry the burden of your people throughout your waking moments? That is real patriotism."

To his friends he said: "After what I owe to God, nothing is



more dear or more sacred than the love and respect I owe to my country."

When the Government was desperate, Bhagat Singh offered them the chance to capture him. In April, 1929, he and one of his friends Batukeshwar Dutt entered the visitors' gallery of the Central Legislative Assembly in Delhi and burst two explosives to attract the attention of the members to some leaflets they threw into the hall. Among other things, the leaflet said, ".....we want to emphasise the fact that you can kill individuals, but you cannot kill ideas. Great empires

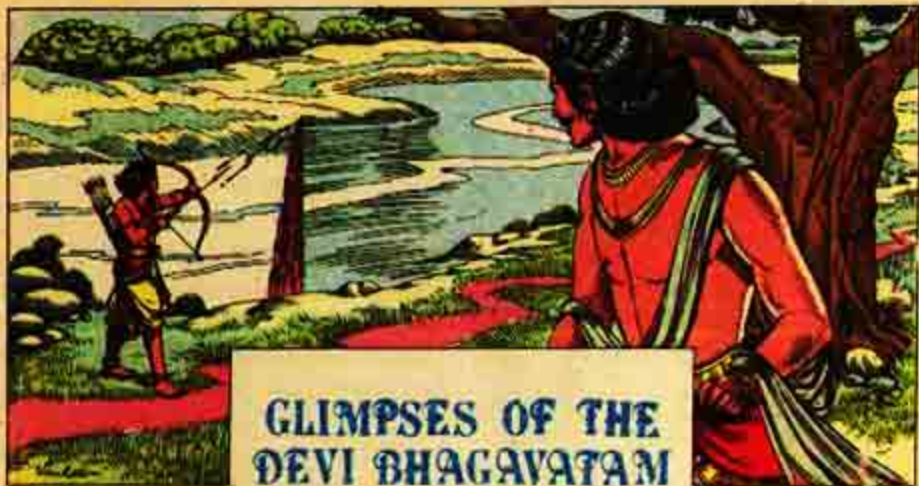
crumbled, but all the ideas survived."

Bhagat Singh and his friend were caught on the gallery. "Down with imperialism! Long live revolution!" they shouted.

They were tried in a special court. No appeal was to be allowed. During the trial Bhagat Singh said, "To the altar of revolution we have brought out youth as incense, for no sacrifice is too great for such a magnificent cause."

Bhagat Singh was hanged on March 23, 1931, along with his two associates, Sukhadev and Shivram Rajguru. The whole of India shed tears for them.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

King Shantanu, separated from his wife and the sole surviving son, passed his days sadly. He often strolled on the river Ganga and remembered the happy days when Ganga lived with him as his wife.

One day, on a visit to the river-bank, he saw a charming lad shooting arrows with great skill and trying to stop the flow of the river. He felt surprised. Who could this boy be? He wondered.

As soon as the boy's eyes fell on the king, he began moving away. The king ran after him, but in vain. The boy was not to be seen.

The king sat down on a rock and concentrated on the Ganga. Soon the spirit of the river materialised before him assuming the form with which the king was familiar.

After some exchange of pleasantries, the king asked, "Who was the charming lad that played with your flow and who ran away from my sight?"

"O King, he is none other than your son—the last of the Vasus—destined to a long life as a human being. He has studied the Vedas with the great sage Vasistha and learnt various arts from Parasurama. It is time that he goes to live with





you," said Ganga with a smile. She then called out for the boy and introduced him to the king. At his mother's asking, the boy, whose name was Gangeya, followed the king.

King Shantanu's joy knew no bounds. His ministers and courtiers too were happy. The boy was declared to be the crown-prince.

Gangeya grew up to be a brilliant youth. His nobility and courage charmed all. He was as swift in learning the various military arts as in learning the various religious rites, literature and philosophy. What is more he always stood by

whatever he said. Truthfulness was his greatest virtue.

A few years passed. The king was once exploring the forest all alone. He sat down under a tree for rest. A delightful smell amazed him. It was followed by a sweet tune hummed by a female voice.

The king soon spotted a beautiful young lady. At first he took her to be a supernatural being.

"Who are you? Why are you in the forest? Who is your father?" asked the king, going near the young lady who was picking flowers.

"I am the daughter of the chief of this forest—Dasaraj. Satyavati is my name. Our home is nearby," replied the lady.

"I am King Shantanu, hailing from the dynasty of the Kurus," said the king. The young lady greeted the king and enquired about his comfort, for he was a guest in her father's forest.

The king, after a while, said, "A desire is overpowering me—a desire to marry you. Will you please agree to my proposal?"

Satyavati blushed and said, "O King, my marriage depends on my father's will. You are

welcome to meet him."

The king understood that Satyavati had no objection to marrying him. He requested her to guide him to her father.

Dasaraj, who was a chief under the Kurus, was delighted to see the king. He received him with folded hands. "My lord, I consider myself extremely lucky because you chose to visit my hut. I am your faithful servant. Can I do anything for you?"

"I'd like to marry your daughter, if you permit me to do so," said the king.

"I should be the happiest man if my daughter becomes your queen. But..."

Dasaraj faltered. "What is it that makes you hesitant?" asked the king anxiously.

"My lord, you can marry my daughter, but on condition that your son born of her must succeed you to the throne," said the chief.

The king's face grew pale. How could he accept such a condition when he had a most brilliant successor in Gangeya? Without a word more he turned his back and walked towards his palace.

However sincerely he tried to divert his attention to other

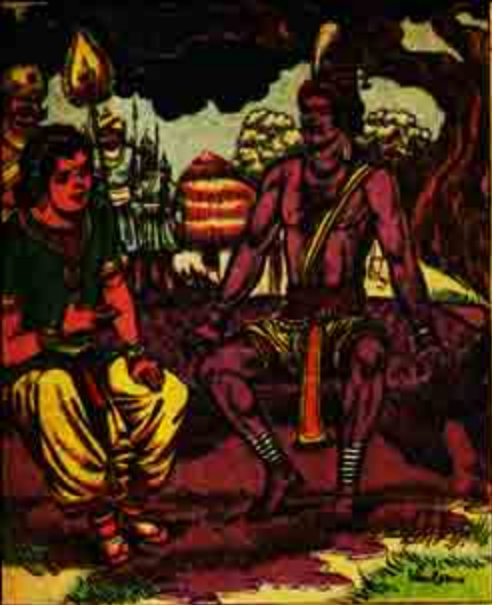


affairs, he failed to forget Satyawati. He could not sleep well, nor could he relish food. No entertainment appealed to him.

Prince Gangeya took note of his father's condition. "What is the problem that worries you, father? Are you anticipating any invasion of our country? Should you not let me share your worry?" he asked the king politely.

But Shantanu could not speak of his anguish to Gangeya. He tried a smile and parried the question.

But the prince continued in his query. From the king's



confidants he soon found out the cause of his sadness.

He marched into the forest and met the chief, Dasaraj. "Sir," he said, "I beseech you, let the king marry your noble daughter. I shall look upon her as my true mother."

"My son," replied the forest chief, "I have no objection to give my daughter in marriage to the king. But it is my dream to see my daughter's son becoming a king. Now, how can I put forth such a condition while King Shantanu has a worthy son like you? How can the king himself agree to my condition?"

"O Sir, I assure you that your daughter's son would succeed my father to the throne. Here and now I take this vow: I shall never claim the throne," said the prince in a solemn voice.

"Noble indeed are you, O Prince, but what about your sons? Even if you refrain from claiming the throne, how can I feel sure that they won't put forth their claim?" asked the forest chief.

The prince remained silent for a moment. His face glowed with determination. Gravely he announced, "In the name of truth I declare that I will never marry. Hence there is no question of my sons ever emerging as rivals of your daughter's son."

Dasaraj was satisfied. At the prince's order the necessary arrangements for the king's marriage were made without any delay. The marriage was performed.

Gangeya, because of his stern vow, was thereafter called Bhishma—the one unshakable in his path of truth.

Queen Satyawati gave birth to two sons, Chitrangada and Vichitravirya. Unfortunately, none of these sons lived long after the death of King Shantanu.

tanu.

Vichitravirya's first son, Dhritarastra, was blind right from his birth. Hence Bhishma made his second son, Pandu, ascend the throne.

Pandu had two wives, Kunti and Madri. Kunti gave birth to three sons and Madri to two. These five princes, Yudhisthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula, and Sahadeva, became famous as the Pandavas.

Dhritarastra too had two wives. The first, Gandhari, gave birth to a hundred sons. Of the second wife was born one son.

Kunti, while a young girl, had got a child through her worship of Surya—the Sun God. She had floated the infant son in the river. He had been rescued by a charioteer. The boy grew up to be a hero and became famous as Karna.

Pandu, under some circumstances, had to live in the forest along with his two queens and the five sons. When he died, Queen Madri sacrificed herself in his funeral fire. Kunti returned to the palace with the five young Pandava princes.

The sons of Dhritarastra were known as the Kauravas. The Pandavas and the Kauravas did not pull on well. The simmering



rivalry between them at last resulted in the epoch-making Mahabharata War. The Kauravas were destroyed. The Pandavas emerged victorious.

Soon after the young hero Abhimanyu, the son of Arjuna, was killed by the Kauravas, his wife, Uttara, gave birth to a son. Known as Parikshit, he was the sole heir of the mighty Pandavas.

Dhritarastra and his wife, Gandhari, lived under the care of the Pandavas. Yudhisthira, the king, regarded the old couple as though they were his own parents.

After some time Dhritarastra





expressed his desire to retire into the forest and to live as an ascetic. He was accompanied by Gandhari, Kunti, Vidura, and Sanjay.

Six years passed. One night Yudhisthira dreamt of his mother. She appeared emaciated. Yudhisthira, haunted by a strong urge to see them, proceeded into the forest. It was a happy reunion. It was during Yudhisthira's stay in the forest that Vidura left his body. Soon thereafter the others too departed to the world beyond.

It so happened that King Parikshit one day humiliated a sage who sat in meditation, by putting a dead snake around his neck. This angered the sage's son. He cursed the king. As a result Parikshit died of snake-bite.

Parikshit's son, Janmejaya, was determined to avenge his father's death by destroying all the snakes. He arranged for a rare Yajna. The fire-rite compelled the snakes to rush into its flame—to meet their death.

(To Continue)

In terms of mass, an electron is to a watermelon as a watermelon is to the Sun.

— Science Digest

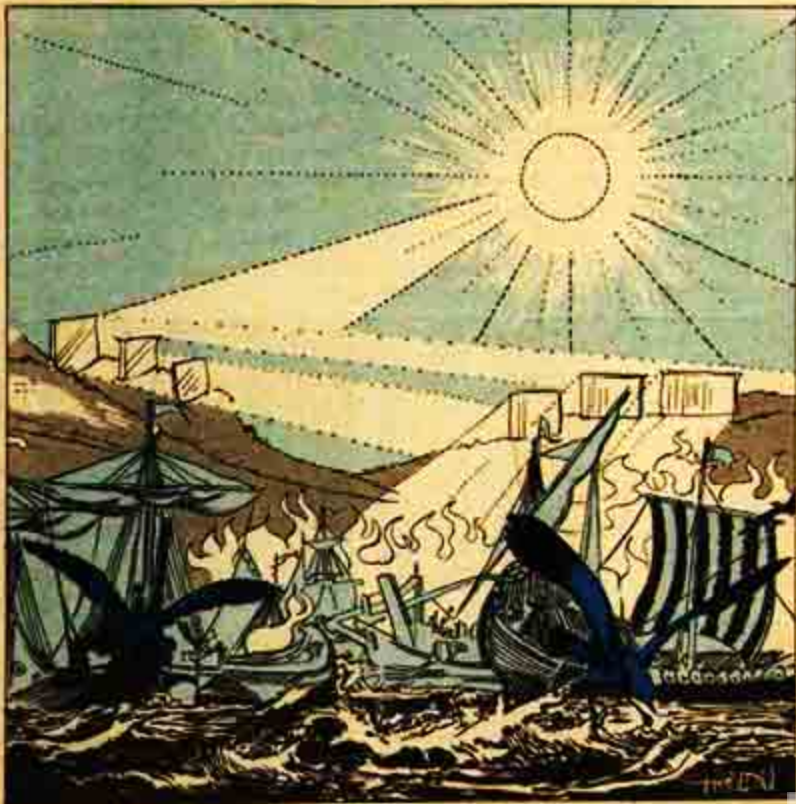
Only a few people learn by the other people's mistakes.
Most of the people are the other people!



FIRE FROM THE SUN

In this series you have already read of some of the achievements of Archimedes, the great genius of Syracuse who lived in the 3rd century B.C.

Once when the Roman ships came to attack Syracuse, Archimedes gathered some large glass-like metal reflectors on a hill. When the ships came closer, he moved the reflectors in such a way that they reflected concentrated sunlight on the ships. The ships caught fire. Thus he defeated the enemy before the latter had attacked his land.



COURTESY OF A BANDIT

One night Raghusingh, the bandit, entered the house of Nagverma, the king's treasurer. He lay hiding, waiting for an opportune moment to burgle the house.

Nagverma returned home before dinner and told his wife happily, "Today I have been able to snatch a hundred gold mohurs. Another hundred and I'd have made a clean thousand this year!"

Raghusingh who heard him came closer to his window and coughed.

"Who are you?" asked Nagverma, giving a start.

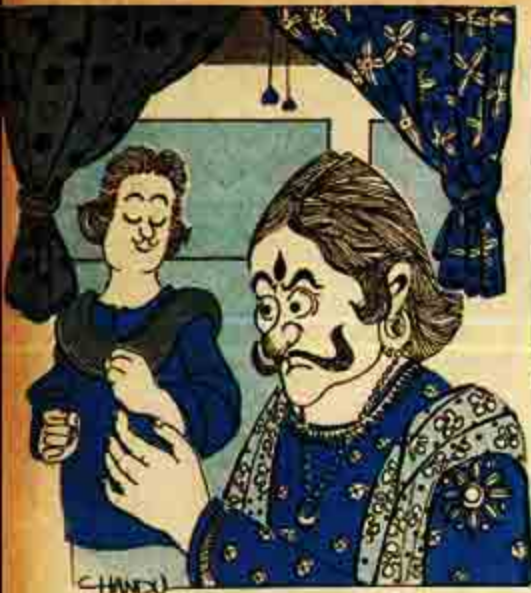
"I'm Raghusingh, the bandit. But I am leaving your house empty-handed!"

"What do you mean?" asked Nagverma.

"I'm not discourteous. Does a beggar ever beg of another beggar? Similarly, a bandit does not steal from another bandit's. You are, of course, more than a mere bandit; you are deceitful," replied Raghusingh and he scaled the wall and disappeared.

Nagverma could not sleep the whole night. In the morning he carried the money he had stolen over a long time and secretly restored them to the treasury.





UNCLE LUDDOO WINS A BET

In days gone by Uncle Luddoo was in the service of a landlord. Once he carried a message to the landlord's brother-in-law who was a Raja.

The landlord wrote to the Raja, in the way of introducing the Uncle: "Luddoo is a nice fellow. His only weakness is, he gambles a lot. See, if you can cure him of his habit."

"What kind of gambling do you indulge in?" asked the Raja.

"I generally like to bet on something or the other," said the Uncle apologetically. For instance just now I feel like throwing this bet: "You can

never stand on your head!" said the Uncle.

"Really?" exclaimed the amused Raja. "How much would you give me if I can?"

"A hundred rupees, my lord," declared the Uncle.

"Very well. Now, see for yourself whether I can stand on my head or not," challenged the proud Raja.

The Raja was in the habit of practising *Shirshasana*. He got down to the floor and demonstrated it. The people who were around him applauded.

"Thank you, Raja Sahib," said Uncle Luddoo. He then placed a hundred rupees before the Raja.

"I don't feel like making you poorer by a hundred rupees. Nevertheless, I must take the money to teach you a lesson. I hope, you'll think twice before betting again," said the king.

Uncle Luddoo kept quiet.





The happy Raja wrote out the incident in detail in his letter to the landlord and sent Uncle Luddoo back.

Soon he received this message from the landlord: "Luddoo wins. He had thrown a bet that

within minutes of his meeting you, he'd make you up-side-down. I had promised to pay him a thousand rupees if he could do that. I never really believed that he'd succeed this time."

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Venkateshwar Rao



Mr. N. S. Olanys

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the March 81 goes to:

Mr. B. Jagadeswara Rao, Superintending Engineer's Office,
P. W. D., Bellary Circle, American Guest House,
BELLARY 583 101, Karnataka.

The Winning Entry: 'In Creator's hand' - 'In Consumer's Stand'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

'Tis not necessary to light a candle to the sun.

—Algernon Sidney

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark; yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush.

—Sir Phillip Sidney

Only the action of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

—James Shirley



KRISHNA VS KALIYA



**What do you think will happen now?
Read all about it in Amar Chitra Katha**



At your favourite bookstore. Over 230 titles.
And a new one every fortnight.

Subscription rate Rs. 65 for 24 issues.

Regular price Rs. 72.

Subscriptions accepted at
India Book House Magazine Company
249 D.N. Road, Bombay 400 001

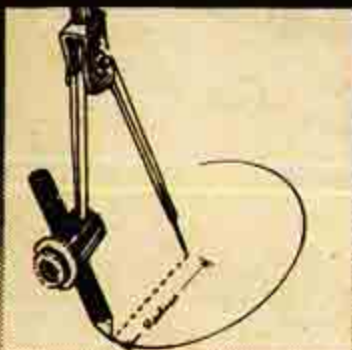
Marketed by India Book House

Amar Chitra Katha

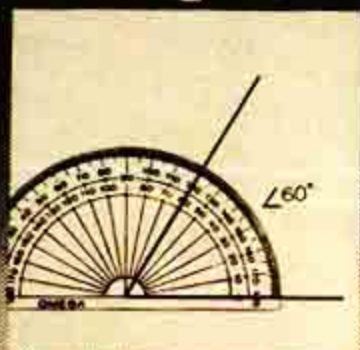
The route to your roots

OBM/6637

what is
a radius?



what is
a degree?



easy way for students
to learn and draw

OMEGA GLORY



Winners Of
TOP PLECONCIL
EXPORT AWARD



MATHEMATICAL
DRAWING
INSTRUMENTS

Elegant * Precise * Durable

A superior Compass box for students.
-Ruler, Degree Protractor,
Set squares, Divider, Eraser and
Pencil too.

OMEGA *the ultimate in quality*

Manufactured by:

ALLIED INSTRUMENTS PVT. LTD.

30-CD Government Industrial

Estate, Kandivli, Bombay-400 067.

Tel: 692425, 685068 Telex: 011-3069 AIPL

Cable: ARTCORNER

Marketed By: BOMBAY: D. JAGJIVANDAS & CO., 177, Abdul Rehman Street,
Bombay-400 003 Phone: 326524

AHMEDABAD: N. CHIMANLAL & CO., 'Jesmin Building (Cass Cama), Ground Floor,
Near Firdous Flat, Khanpur, Ahmedabad, Phone: 390698

3 BROTHERS/GA

64 pages
Action-packed picture-story of
RUDYARD KIPLING'S
Gripping fiction with a wild Indian setting and
WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS'
greatest classic
Now Available for the first time in India

**Rs.
4-50
A COPY**
(POSTAGE
EXTRA)

**Brought
to you in**



New Series



**RUSH FOR
YOUR COPY**

Start now ... to build up your own picture-book collection



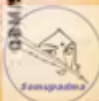


**We're all in it together
for the fun of it,
for the taste of it!**



CAMPA ORANGE FLAVOUR - IT'S THE FLAVOUR OF FUN!

1985/1361



PARLE

Little children
make love come smiling through.



give them loving care

**Parle Gluco —
the tastier
energy food.**



Full of the delicious nourishment
of milk, wheat, sugar and glucose.

PARLE

Gluco

India's largest selling biscuit.

